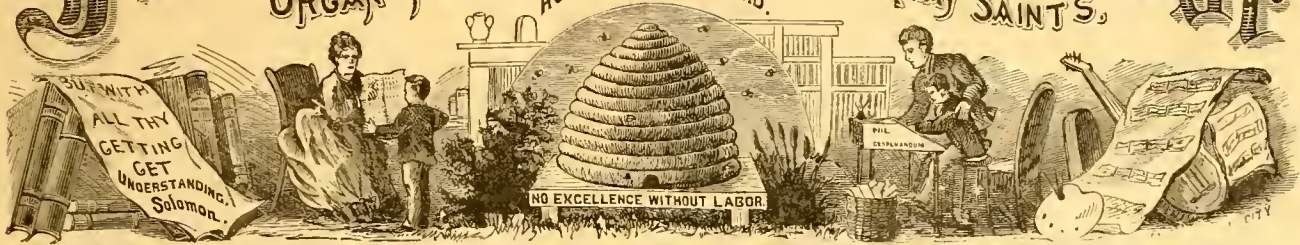


# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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## DESERT LIFE.

DOUBTLESS all of our readers have heard or read of the great desert, Sahara, which occupies nearly the whole of North Africa. It is bordered on the west by the Atlantic ocean and on the east by the valley of the Nile, thus making its length about 3,000 miles, while its average breadth is about 900 miles. This immense tract of country is entirely devoid

five, ten or twenty years, but the ground which has been parched by the heat of many seasons soon drinks up the water which the clouds discharge, and leave the soil as dry, apparently, as it ever was. By digging to immense depths some underground streams have been discovered, but these wells are so far apart and their supply of water is so scanty,



of vegetation, except in a few spots, called oases, where springs of water moisten the ground. Around these oases a few wild beasts occasionally cluster, and in the burning sand serpents, lizards, and jerboas are found, but otherwise this dry region is not the abode of animals of any description.

Rain is said to fall in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of

that they scarcely satisfy the wants of travelers, not to speak, then, of furnishing water for the irrigation of the soil. Besides, the water of these deep reservoirs is frequently so brackish, caused by the salt in which this desert abounds, that it is not fit to drink, and is also sure death to any vegetation on which it is poured.



One would naturally think that a region such as we have described would be avoided by human beings, but it is really remarkable how many people annually traverse these forbidding wastes. In addition to the numerous caravans with their precious loads, there are also many persons that cross this desert merely from a love of adventure. And there is probably no better place on earth for the alleviation of the desire for excitement than where one nearly famishes for the want of water.

The mode of travel is, however, altogether different to what it is in other countries; a great number set out together with tents, which they pitch at night to sleep in, and an ample store of provisions and water, all of which is carried on the backs of camels. These patient animals, than which none are better for this labor, carry on their backs six or seven hundred pounds, and some of the larger ones even twelve hundred. They can drink at one time sufficient water to last them for ten days, and can eat enough in one hour to last them twenty-four. They are also capable of closing their nostrils so that the smallest particle of sand is excluded; this faculty renders them more suited to the life to which they are destined, in carrying loads over sandy deserts, where suffocating sand storms are of frequent occurrence. These caravans, for so large companies of this kind are called, do not travel very fast, probably not more than ten or twelve miles a day. They generally consist of several hundred persons with perhaps more than that number of camels. These persons are mostly merchants who carry their goods from one country to another for sale. It sometimes happens that these rich trains are attacked and robbed of all their treasures by the wild Arabs who roam about in this uninhabited country in search of prey. Not only do these robbers take the merchandise, when they overpower a caravan, but also the camels, and leave those who escape with their lives in a state of great distress.

This is not, however, the only danger to which travelers in the desert are exposed. The elements often cause the suffering and death of many. Sudden gusts of noxious winds, called the Simoon, are frequent. They fill the air in a very short time with sand so as to render it impossible to breathe; and the only way by which travelers save themselves from being choked to death is to lie down with their faces close to the earth, in order to prevent the sand in the air from getting into their mouths. In this position they remain until the gust is over; but if it lasts very long many are suffocated for the want of air to breathe.

Another bad effect of the Simoon is to dry up the water which is carried in skins for the use of the travelers. One morning is sometimes sufficient to dry up the greater part of a full water-skin. In such cases, if they are far from a well and the amount of water is insufficient, they are obliged to kill the camels to obtain the store which these animals carry in a sort of reservoir in their stomachs.

Our engraving represents a scene in Sahara. Only those who have been in dry regions where for miles and miles no sign of water is visible and where the tongue becomes swollen because of lack of moisture can imagine the feelings of the half-famished Arabs whom we see in the picture surrounding the spring. Even the animals seen in the distance gladly hasten to allay their thirst at the pool.

There was a time within the recollection of many Saints when these beautiful valleys presented almost as forbidding an aspect to the traveler as does the desert of Sahara at the present time. Water was extremely scarce. The ground was as dry as if rain or dew had never dampened it, and the whole

country was almost totally devoid of any green substance. Yet with all these disheartening prospects staring them in the face, God's chosen ones commenced the labor of redeeming the desert and by their unceasing toil and the blessings of the Almighty this land has been made to yield in abundance; the "American desert" has become an oasis and the waste places a fruitful field.

## DID THE WORLD MAKE ITSELF?

BY J. H. W.

"Nature is but the name of an effect whose cause is God."—COWPER.

"The infidel astronomer is mad."—HERSHEL.

HAD the the world a Creator, or did it make itself? Let us look out upon nature, and see what there is to suggest the idea of God. Infidels tell us that faith is destined to be left behind in the onward march of intellect; that it belongs to an infantile stage of intellectual development; that children and childish notions are prone to superstition which is only another name for religion. To account for the wonders of creation they will coolly talk of the eternity of matter, and the action of natural laws; as if these assertions would lead them out of their dilemma.

One of the most impressive lessons that a person ever learns is from the manifestation of power as shown in the phenomena of nature, as for example when he gazes upon the phenomena of a thunder storm. The dark and thickening cloud, the flashes of the lightning, the roaring of thunder, the dashing of the rain, and the wild sweep of the winds, sometimes crushing forests in their pathway, are all manifestations of an unseen power. Among the works of human hands, the traveler gazes with amazement at the ponderous bulk of the pyramids. But what are pyramids to the Alps which have been lifted by some power to an altitude thirty-three times the height of the largest pyramid? And yet the Alps are little more than half the height of the Andes, and not more than a hundredth part of their mass. These ponderous mountain chains have been upheaved bodily, tearing their way through masses of solid rock miles in thickness, uplifting, crushing, tilting, and dislocating the solid floor of half a continent. Here is a power which may well amaze us.

Again, no strain, that man has ever applied, has compressed or stretched in the least perceptible degree a block of building stone. In fact, the architects and builders of the most ponderous edifices, such as the Salt Lake Temple, make not the least allowance for the compression of the stones which lie at their very base. Yet such is the strain which nature exerts upon the rocky slabs built into the hill-sides, that they yield like india-rubber to the pressure; and when, by quarrying, the strain is relieved, the crushed rocks, with a groan, ease themselves back to their original dimensions. (*See Winchell's Reconciliation of Science and Religion, page 334.*)

And yet, after all, this is but one of nature's feeblest efforts. Look beyond the phenomena of uplifted mountain-masses, deep-scooped ocean basins, forest-laying tempests and land-consuming waves. Look out into limitless space! There hang worlds of ponderous bulk. They were fashioned by some skillful hand; they are upheld by some mighty agency; and moved onward in their majestic course by some mysterious power. We cannot bring our minds up to comprehend that power; but let us raise our thoughts and try to understand



something concerning it. There is the sun whose bulk is so great that if its center was placed where the center of the earth is, its body would extend in every direction as far as the moon. Nay, farther, it would extend beyond the moon a distance of twenty-four times the diameter of the earth. This vast sun, still in the fiery vigor of its youth, imparting light and life to all that dwell on the planets, which revolve around it, is only one of the numberless orbs that shine in the abyss of heaven.

Now what is this power that has formed these glorious suns and sent them whirling onward through the cycles of the ages? The infidel tells us it is gravity. But what is gravity? Whence proceeds that mighty force which men call by that name. Matter is inert, that is, it does not possess the power of moving itself. It is evident then that matter is acted upon by some power outside of itself. In human affairs we can find no result without a cause, no design without a designer; and, on thinking carefully, we find that every designer is under the control of a *will*. So in the field of nature every phenomenon is but the effect of some cause, and that cause must have acted under the control of some *intelligent will*.

We are still more amazed when we consider the inconceivable space over which this power extends. The bulk of the sun is beyond our mental grasp. How then shall we comprehend its distance from us. It is generally considered that the sun is about ninety-two millions of miles distant. It is easy to say these words, but difficult to realize their meaning. Our express trains move at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Now if a railway stretched from the earth to the sun, it would require three hundred and fifty years for an express train to pass over it. If Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas, so famous in early Virginia history, had stepped on board this train it would still require nearly eighty years more for their descendants to reach the end of their journey. The distance would still be so great, that only the great grand-children of the present generation could expect to reach the sun. And yet there is a power that reaches across this vast distance, swings the world around its orbit like a haltered colt trotting around a hitching post, lifts the ocean into a mighty tide and lashes the rocky shores with the fury of the angry waves.

But this is not all. Light flashes across this mighty chasm in the brief space of eight minutes and a half. The light by which we read these lines started from the sun about the time we read the heading of this article. What shall we say of a space so vast, that this light must travel a year, a hundred, aye even a thousand years before it reaches its destination. And yet there is a power that governs even there, a power so mighty that He "grasps the whole frame-work of stars and systems, and sends them whirling and wheeling through the depths of boundless space like a handful of pebbles thrown through the air." Well might the great philosopher and poet Addison exclaim:

"The spacious firmament on high  
With all the blue eternal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

"In Reason's ear they all rejoice  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine."

While we are amazed at the manifestations of *power* in creation, let us not forget the indications of *intelligence* and *design* that exist all around us. For example I see a friend

walking along the street in the rain with an umbrella over his head, and I feel that somebody contrived that instrument, with the design of keeping off the rain. In one word, it was intended for that purpose. In like manner we perceive marks of design and intelligence in the countless contrivances and instruments used in every day life. In fact, we can not look upon the simplest invention without feeling that it is the result of design and intelligence. Now the world is full of contrivances, which were not made by human hands, nor invented by human brains. The hand that wrote these words or the hand that set up the type to print them is a more ingenious contrivance than was ever made by human skill. If it required intelligence to make a pen, did it not require still greater intelligence to make the hand that wields the pen? If it required design to fashion a metal type; did it not require a still greater design to form the hand that manipulated that type? not to speak of that subtle and mysterious power, called the mind, which guides the hand under both these circumstances.

In like manner we might observe the marks of design and mechanical skill displayed in the formation of the eye. First, there is the cavity in which it is placed, composed of seven little bones nicely fitted and glued together, lined with the softest fat and enveloped in a tissue, compared with which the softest silk is only coarse canvas. Then the cavity is so shaped as to exactly fit the eye, while the brow projects over like the roof of a veranda and the lids close down over it to protect it from injury. Again, we find that the ropes and pulleys used in the rigging of a ship are simplicity indeed as compared with the nerves and muscles used in the movements of the eye. Likewise the most admirable design is shown in the construction of the eye itself. It is fitted both to gaze at the stars millions of miles away and minutely examine objects only a few inches distant. In the brightness of sunshine the pupil contracts in order to protect the optic nerve from injury; in twilight it expands so as to admit a greater amount of light. When we wish to regulate the admission of light to our rooms we have recourse to very clumsy contrivances. A self-acting window which shall expand in the twilight and partially close of its own accord as the light increases toward noon, has never been manufactured by man. In short, anatomists have already observed more than eight hundred contrivances in the dead eye, while the greatest contrivance of all, the power of seeing is utterly beyond their ken.

Similar arguments might be brought from every department of nature to prove the marks of design in creation. The question therefore returns with double force, *had the world a creator or did it make itself?* There are persons who say it did, and with a brazen-faced impudence declare that the Bible tells a falsehood when it says that "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." "Whereas," say they, "we know that matter is eternal, and the world being wholly composed of matter; therefore, the heavens and earth are eternal—never had a beginning nor a creator." Profound reasoning indeed! In the same manner we might say, "Here is a well-burned brick, fresh from the kiln, which may last for a thousand years to come; therefore, it has always existed."

Again, it is claimed by some that matter is indestructible. The foundation of the argument is as rotten as the superstructure. Who knows that fact? for the very reason that no one can tell what matter in its own nature is. We may heat water to a certain degree and change it into steam, but it is all there in the steam. We may burn coal and thus change its



appearance, but its particles are all there, in the form of gas, ashes or tar. All that any one can say is, that matter is indestructible by any power or agency known to man. But to assert that matter is eternal, because man cannot destroy it, is as if a child should try to beat a locomotive to pieces with his stick, and failing in the attempt, should say, "I am sure this locomotive existed from eternity because I am unable to destroy it."

But supposing that matter is eternal how does that account for the formation of this beautiful world? The earth consists not of one substance known by that name, but of a great variety of material substances as oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, sulphur, iron, and some fifty-two or three others already discovered (*See Turner's Chemistry, section 341*). Now which of these is the eternal matter referred to? Is it iron, or sulphur, or carbon, or oxygen? If it is any one of them, where did the others come from? Did a mass of iron, for example, becoming discontented with its condition, suddenly change itself into a cloud of gas or a pail of water? Or are all the elements eternal? Have we fifty-eight eternal substances? Are they all eternal in their present combinations? or is it only the simple elements that are eternal? Whatever may be the answer to these questions, they give no light on the formation of this world, which is not a shapeless mass called matter, but a beautiful building composed of a variety of substances. Has this earth existed as it is from eternity? No man who ever was in a quarry or a gravel pit will say so, much less one who has the least smattering of chemistry or geology. If the elements which compose the earth have not always existed as we now find them, then how came they to put themselves in their present shapes? Matter has no power of putting itself in motion when at rest, nor of coming to rest when in motion. A body will never change its place unless moved, and if once started will move on forever unless stopped. For example, if we leave our room, and on our return find a book missing, we know that some one has taken it—the book could not have gone off at its own suggestion.

Now will the infidel presume to tell us, that the fifty-eight primary elements danced about till the air, sea and earth somehow jumbled themselves together into the present shape of this glorious and beautiful world, with all its regularity of day and night, Summer and Winter, with all its beautiful flowers and lofty trees, with all its variety of birds, beasts and fishes, not to speak of the beauties of the morning, the gorgeous dyes of sunset, or the silent glories of the midnight sky. Or to bring the question down to the level of the intellect of the most stupid atheist, tell us in plain English, *did the paving-stones make themselves?*

Absurd as it seems, there are persons claiming to be philosophers who not only assert that they did, but will tell you how they did it. One class of them think they have found it out by supposing everything in the universe reduced to very fine powder, consisting of very fine grains, which they call atoms; or, if that is not fine enough, into gas, of which it is supposed the particles are too fine to be perceived; and then by different arrangements of these atoms, according to the laws of attraction, electricity, or some other law, the various elements of the world were made, and arranged in their present forms. But then the difficulty is only multiplied millions of times. Each bit of paving stone, no matter how small you break it, can no more make itself or move itself, than could the whole stone composed of all these bits. So we are landed back at the sublime question, *did the paving stones make themselves?*

Others will tell you that millions of years ago the world existed as a vast cloud of fire mist. What this fire-mist is they do not know, but only that there are certain comets, which come within fifty or sixty millions of miles of this earth, which they suppose may be composed of fire-mist. Hence they imagine that the earth also may have been made from the same fire-mist. But where did the mist come from? Did the mist make itself? Where did the fire come from? Did it kindle of its own accord? Who put the fire and the mist together? Was it red hot enough from all eternity to melt granite? Then why is it any cooler now? If it existed as a red hot fire-mist from eternity, why should it ever begin to cool at all. Infidels claim that there was nothing else in all the universe except this fire-mist. Then the cause of all this must have been in the mist itself. In other words, *the fire-mist made itself, then the paving stones and the infidels afterwards.*

Others suppose that the world was once in a stage of solution, in primeval oceans, and that the mixing of these waters caused them to deposit a sediment, which hardened into rock, then vegetated into plants and trees, then grew into animals, these in turn developed into monkeys, and finally the monkeys into men. Thus it is clearly demonstrated that there is no need for the Creator if we only had somebody to make these primeval oceans, somebody to mix them together, and somebody to establish these laws of development.

Another favorite theory among infidels, is that of Buffon, the vain-glorious French philosopher. His theory was that the sun is a vast melted mass, and that once on a time a huge comet struck the sun in such a manner, that portions of it splashed off, just as a stone thrown in a slanting direction into a bucket of water would cause portions of the water to splash out of the vessel. These portions of matter (acting under certain laws) then formed themselves into spheres and being condensed by cold have become solid planets and satellites. Thus, according to this idea, creation was only an accident after all. Still as might be expected, thinking men kept asking: "Where did the sun come from? What melted it down into a fluid state fit to be splashed about? Where did the comet come from? And who threw it with so correct an aim, as exactly to hit the sun in an oblique direction?"

This idea received considerable encouragement from a certain class of scientific men during the early part of this century. Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter is a vast space which was supposed to be unoccupied. In the first seven years of this century, three small planets were discovered revolving in orbits midway between Mars and Jupiter. Afterwards many others were discovered till now the number exceeds two hundred. Dr. Olbers, the discoverer of two of them, Pallas and Vesta, finding that their orbits were comparatively near together and sometimes crossed each other, imagined that they were formed by the explosion of a large planet or by a comet coming in contact with a large planet and thus shattering it to pieces. This theory seemed all the more plausible seeing that these minor worlds or "pocket planets," as Herschel styles them, are exceedingly diminutive. So, to use a familiar illustration, he imagined the boiler of the large locomotive had burst and the fragments had all alighted on the track again in the shape of hand-cars; much more, that the hand-cars had magnanimously resolved to keep running, and do the business of the line. At first sight his theory seemed strengthened by every new discovery. It is true, reflecting men could not help wondering at such a strange event, that would produce beautiful little planets all by acci-



dent. They never heard of the blowing up of a palace producing cottages, or the fragments of a steamship changing into yawl-boats, nor even the pieces of a wrecked locomotive becoming neat little engines or even respectable hand-cars. However, as the theory removed God out of sight, it was generally accepted by infidels and freely used by them, to show that the world had no need of a Creator.

Genuine scientists, however, were not long in seeing the absurdity and demonstrating the impossibility of such a theory. It was found that their orbits did not coincide by more than twenty millions of miles. So also the nature of comets has undergone investigation. Herschel says, "It is evident that the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest region of our atmosphere must be looked upon as dense and massy bodies compared with the filmy texture of a comet."

Thus Reason declares, that the world did not make itself. The soul of man did not make itself. The body of man did not make itself. They must have had an intelligent Creator who is God. The work is not the workman; the house is not the builder; the watch is not the watchmaker. The maker is always distinct from the thing made and superior to it. You and I and the universe have been made; therefore, our Creator is distinct from, and superior to us.

The consciousness of our ignorance and weakness confirms this fact. The soul of man is not the highest intelligence in the universe. In his present state he has not yet acquired a knowledge of the laws and functions of the body he inhabits, much less the laws that sway the universe. He may know much about what does not concern him; but he feels his weakness where his dearest interests are concerned. He may be able to tell the place of a distant planet a century hence; but he cannot tell where he himself shall be next year. He may calculate for years, the motions of the tides; but he cannot tell how his own pulse will beat to-morrow, or whether it will beat at all. Ever as his knowledge of the laws of nature increases, his conviction deepens that a wiser head and a stronger hand than his planned and rules the world.

The world's history declares the existence and government of God. History is but the record of men's acts and God's providences, of men's crimes and God's punishments. Once He swept away the human race with a flood of water because the wickedness of man was great upon the earth. Again, He testified His displeasure against the wicked of Sodom and Gomorrah by consuming those cities by fire from heaven, and leaving the Dead Sea to roll its solemn waves of warning to the end of time. No amount of learning or skill, wealth or commerce, power of arms, or extent of territory, has ever secured a wicked nation against the sword of God's justice. Read the black record of the past. Where is the greatness of Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, and Petra? Tyre had ships, colonies and commerce, Rome an empire of half a hemisphere; Greece had philosophy, arts, and liberty secured by a confederation of republics, Spain the treasures of the earth's gold and silver; but these did not exempt them from the moral government of God. His laws sway the universe, and link together sin with misery, and crime with punishment, in the brazen fetters of eternal justice. These nations have been hurled down from the pinnacle of their greatness, to dash themselves in pieces against each other in the valley of destruction; and there they lie, wrecks of nations, ruins of empires, naught remaining, save some shivered fragments of former greatness, to show that they once existed and were the enemies of God.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN, the present governor of Missouri, is a gentleman with whom I served in Congress for four years. He is a clever, gentlemanly person, and always expressed himself to me as being in favor of our having our rights. This was, however, before Eli H. Murray became governor of this territory. Murray and Crittenden are uterine brothers. How Governor Crittenden feels upon our question now I cannot say as I failed to meet him when he was in the city. A mutual friend, however, also an ex-member of Congress, led me to think that Governor Crittenden did not share in his half-brother Murray's views about the "Mormon" situation. Somebody, however, about the time of Governor Crittenden's departure from the city to California took the liberty of speaking for him. This somebody said that,

"He had made a careful study of the workings of the Utah Commission and that he had expressed the opinion that while the Commission had accomplished all that the law allowed them to do, that further and more decided legislation was necessary. Disfranchisement of the polygamists, he considered, would not accomplish what was expected of it by the American people."

This may or may not have been Governor Crittenden's views. But if they are his views, then his brother's influence has caused a great change to take place in his ideas respecting the proper treatment of the "Mormon" question. It may be that the governor of Missouri would feel himself bound to say something that would have the appearance of opposition to the "Mormons." There are some Missourians who cannot forget that our people lived in that State, and that up to the present time there are large quantities of real estate for which many of our citizens hold the only legal title. The settlers on these lands are fully conscious of it. I had an illustration of this the other day. A gentleman by the name of Squires—who is one of a party from Caldwell county, in which Far West is situated—called upon me and said he was the owner of land within two miles of Far West. He said a man by the name of Hughes was in possession of the temple lot and surrounding ground. Hughes wished to sell, but there was a cloud on the title, and people were afraid to buy for fear they would have a law suit. The only title that Hughes had was a tax title, and somebody in this territory had the real title. He remarked that he supposed that the possession of the land for so many years would go a long way towards establishing the possessor's right to it.

I replied that it would if the original owner had not been driven off by violence.

He answered that was the very point. "Now," said he, "cannot your people be induced to give a quit claim deed for the property?"

I asked him how long he had been in Caldwell county.

He replied that he had been there since 1868.

"You were not, then," said I, "one of those who helped drive the Latter-day Saints away from there?"

"No," he said, "I was not in the country at that time."

I told him that if the owner could be found I did not think he would be inclined to give a quit claim deed; and if Hughes was one of those who had helped to drive the people away from their land, I hoped the cloud would still remain on his title and become heavier, for I would not want such a man to profit by his own wrong.

This conversation was more interesting because of the feeling which it brought to light. It illustrates most perfectly the condition of uncertainty that exists in all that region where the Saints once lived respecting the title to the lands. These people know very well that the legal title is in the Latter-day Saints, and that if any fair court were to hear the case it would be bound by all laws and rules to award the possession to the men who had been forcibly expelled from their homes by mob violence. These people do not enjoy the property of which the Saints have been robbed. However many improvements they may have, and however comfortable their surroundings may be, they cannot enjoy them, because there is a constant dread that some "Mormon" may spring up and start a law suit for the recovery of the land, and this robs them of all enjoyment. This is as it should be. I do not feel sorry in the least to hear of such a condition of feeling; not because I am disposed to be revengeful, but because I do not like to see men prosper in wickedness and in the practice of wrong. I would like to see everybody get a clear conception of the fact that honesty is the best policy; that upright, truthful, straightforward dealing between man and man always pays the best, and that no man gains anything by being a rogue or a mobocrat.

There was one amusing incident that came to my knowledge connected with this visit of these Caldwell county people. The same gentlemen called also upon President Taylor, and after somewhat similar conversation to which I had with them, one of them stated that a man by the name of McRae was one who held title to the land that they wished to obtain a quit claim deed for. President Taylor replied that he thought they had better see McRae. His remark, to those who heard it, furnished some amusement, because all those who know Bishop Alex. McRae know that if there is anything about which he feels most keenly it is the treatment he received at the hands of the mob at Far West. It has come down as an interesting incident in history his demeanor when called upon to surrender his arms in common with the rest of the brethren to the mob at the time of George M. Hinkle's treason. The spirit he exhibited in throwing down his sword called forth the remark from one of the leaders of the mob: "Well, the Mormons may be whipped, but they are not conquered."

I have not heard the result of the interview between these Caldwell county gentlemen and Bishop McRae.

## Chapter for the Little Ones.

### BEYOND ALL PRICE.

(Continued from page 247.)

GEORGIE clambered down again from the chair, and had scarcely begun playing with his toys when the nurse entered the study in haste. His aunt had just come in her carriage to take him to spend the day at her house; he must be instantly dressed to go with her. Georgie jumped up in delight, for a day spent at Netherby Grange was to him the greatest of treats. No more thought of the broken drum—no more thought of the curl-

ing roll! Georgie forgot all about them as completely as if they had not occupied his mind for two moments. He went to enjoy himself in careless pleasure, little dreaming what mischief he had done, when, in ignorance of its value, he had hidden the parchment between the leaves of the Bible.

About ten days after his pleasant visit to Netherby Grange, Georgie, young as he was, could not but be aware of an unusual stir and bustle in the house. Bells were rung loudly, anxious voices were heard, servants were summoned, children were questioned, even Georgie was called into the study. There stood his father, surrounded by papers, his brow all furrowed into frowns, looking as he might have looked had he been going to be tried for his life. Where was the deed—the parchment deed—a document of the greatest importance? such was the question asked of every one in the house. Georgie knew nothing about deeds and documents, and had never heard of parchment before; it never entered his young brain that the anxious search now going on was for the roll of tough yellow paper which he had taken to mend his drum with. At first it was rather fun to the child to see how the house was ransacked from the garret to the cellar, every likely and unlikely place searched, drawers pulled out, boxes emptied, desks examined, nay, every corner of the dust-hole looked at again and again. But even little Georgie was soon to learn that the loss of a deed, whatever that might be, would turn out to be a serious evil. His father's face grew thinner and sharper, and had on it a look so gloomy and stern that the young child feared to go near him. Georgie's mother was often in tears. The servants spoke plainly to each other, even in the presence of the boy, about warning being given to them all, about master and mistress having to leave their good house, put down their carriage and begin life again, all from the loss of the *deed* by which their estate had been held! George was in bitter distress when he learned that his beautiful home would be his no more, that his very playthings must be left behind, that his favorite dog would be parted with! He was ready to stamp with passion when he saw strange men come into the house to put tickets upon tables and chairs, that everything might be sold.

Mr. Edwards was almost in despair. He was a man who had hitherto lived only for enjoyment and pleasure. In his prosperity he had seldom given a thought to God, from whom all his blessings had come; and now, in his grief and perplex-



ity, the unhappy man knew not where to turn for counsel and comfort. He searched and searched again for the deed, put advertisements into the *Times*, stuck up placards offering large rewards to whoever should discover the parchment. He thought of it all day long, he dreamed of it every night, he looked for it everywhere but in the pages of his family Bible!

And so had it been with Mr. Edwards in what regarded his soul. He had eagerly searched for happiness from his first entrance into life. He had sought it in pleasure, in luxury, in human praise and in earthly gain; he had sought it in everything but religion. Now his hopes of happiness were crumbling away; poverty stared him in the face; he had no peace of mind—no solid hopes to rest on in his trouble. Life was to him a burden, death was to him a terror. And yet pardon, peace, joy were all within his reach. A Savior was yet willing to receive him, a Heavenly Father to bless. Knowledge better—far better than all the gold which mortal ever possessed, was to be found where his lost deed lay, in the pages of the Holy Bible.

Very sad were Mr. Edwards and his wife as they sat together in the study on the day before that on which they were to go forth from their home. Little Georgie was beside them. Even the child had no heart for play; he looked up into his mother's tearful face, and the shadow of her grief lay like a cloud on the boy.

"Oh Philip!" said Mrs. Edwards to her husband, drawing a heavy sigh, why has all this trial come thus suddenly upon us? I lay awake almost all last night, and so many thoughts passed through my mind! It seemed to me as if God—the God whom we have too long forgotten—must have had some purpose in sending us this grief. We have not thanked Him for His blessings, therefore He takes them away; we have not honored Him with our substance, and so He removes it from us."

Mr. Edwards did not at once reply; his conscience had been also whispering to him. Sadly his eyes rested on the large Bible, which had been a wedding gift to him and his wife.

"That must be sold too," he murmured.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears, "we do not deserve to keep it, for we have not studied—we have not valued our Bible! Week after week, year after year have passed, and we have never gathered our children around us to read to them God's blessed word! That book is a witness against us: its unopened pages will in the judgment condemn us."

Mr. Edwards rose from his seat. "Louisa," he said to his weeping wife, "we have indeed neglected our duty; the cares and pleasures of this world have weaned our hearts from God. Now, for once at least, we will open that Bible and read the word, of truth together. God may have a message of mercy for us; we may find some comfort there now that all other comfort is gone."

He walked up to the family Bible, and opened it with a deep sigh. Georgie's eyes were resting on his father, and great was the child's amazement at the effect of the first glance at the book. Mr. Edwards started, gasped, looked eagerly, almost wildly at what was before him, then caught up something from the Bible with an exclamation of joy.

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Mr. Edwards, staggering back to his seat with the lost deed grasped in his hand.

It is impossible to describe the joy, the wonder, the thanksgiving of both husband and wife, at the sudden and most unexpected recovery of that which had so strangely been lost. It appeared to them almost as if the deed had been by a miracle restored. All the anxiety, fear and grief of the last months but served to deepen the happiness at that moment enjoyed.

"But how could the parchment have ever found its way into the Bible?" exclaimed Mr. Edwards.

"I put it there!" cried George, to whom the sight of the "tough yellow paper" had brought back, like a dream, the remembrance of what had occurred.

"You!" exclaimed both parents in indignant surprise.

"Oh, papa, I meant no harm," said the child; "I never knew you were looking for that. I had forgotten all about the yellow roll. I did not think that such an old, common-looking thing could be of any use at all."

"It is of priceless value!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards, with some impatience in his tone.

"Nay, dearest," said the lady, gently laying her hand on the arm of her husband, "do not let us be angry with the child. It is God Himself who has been teaching us a lesson through the thoughtless act of our boy. Have we not"—here she glanced at the Bible—"known as little as he did the value of a treasure *beyond all price*? Have we not carelessly put away from ourselves that by which a heavenly inheritance can be ours? Oh Philip! if this strange incident has but shown us something of its worth, we may bless God indeed for all the suffering caused by the loss of the deed!"

*Selected.*

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**B**EAR LAKE VALLEY has now been settled about twenty years. General Charles C. Rich was the leader in the settlement. It is an elevated valley being several thousand feet above sea level, and several hundred feet above Salt Lake valley. The lake is one of the most beautiful in the mountains, and is not surpassed, probably, for its size by any lake for the clearness of its waters and the abundance of fish which it contains. The traveler in approaching the valley in viewing the lake from the distance is struck with the excessive blueness of the water, contrasted with the brown mountains by which it is surrounded. There are scarcely any settlements on the eastern shore of the lake there being but a small margin of arable soil between the foot of the mountains and the edge of the water; but on the west side there are several flourishing settlements.

When the valley was settled by our people it was a question for some time whether they would be able to raise the necessary grain upon which to subsist. Frosts were frequent, the Winters were long and severe, and it was a struggle for the early settlers to make a living. But as the years have rolled by the condition of affairs has greatly improved. Crops have been raised for several seasons without suffering from the frost. Trees have been planted and have produced fruit, and small fruits are quite abundant. At the present time, as we visit the valley, we find raspberries in great profusion, a most delicious fruit, which grows apparently to greater advantage than in our lower valleys. In the various settlements comfortable houses are springing up, showing that the people are increasing in wealth, and in these elegant structures we find the evidences of increasing confidence in the ability of the people to sustain themselves. The distrust which formerly existed respecting the climate has disappeared, and it is now no longer a question. The people have proved to their entire satisfaction that they can make a good living. Although the Winters are very severe, yet the resources for hay are so abundant that there is no difficulty in supplying stock with the feed necessary.

We have given these particulars of the settlement of this valley because we are here attending conference and holding meetings in the various settlements, and we are greatly struck with the change which has taken place in the circumstances of the people. Improvements are visible everywhere. The people are surrounding themselves not only with the comforts of life, but many of its luxuries. It is wonderful how the Lord has blessed this valley. In this respect it is like all the valleys which have been settled by the Latter-day Saints. The continued exercise of faith and persistent industry with the effectual prayer of the people have wrought wonders. Salt Lake valley, that is now looked upon as a garden by visitors, was constantly troubled with frost in its early settlement.

Many believed that it would be impossible to raise fruit there. But what a change has been wrought! So in other valleys. Cache valley is a case in point. Until about twenty-four years ago the opinion was general that it would be difficult for the people to sustain themselves in Cache valley by the cultivation of the earth. At the present time there is no valley in these mountains where the people are prospering according to their numbers like they are in Cache valley. The Lord has softened the elements and made it a delightful region. So also in Bear Lake valley.

We mention these facts to call the attention of our JUVENILE readers to the wonderful goodness of God shown to His people. He hears and answers their prayers. He has more than fulfilled His promise in making this land a delightful habitation for His Saints. Our experience here in these mountains ought to prove to us that God never forgets His people, that His ears are always open to their cries, and that His bowels of compassion are moved in their behalf.

We are aware that many people are unwilling to admit that God has had anything to do with the wonderful climatic and other changes which have taken place in many of the settlements of the Saints. If the Winters have been moderated; if the barren soil has become fruitful; if springs of water have made their appearance on every hand; if the Lord has made a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert; all these and kindred changes are attributed by people who have no faith in God, nor in His intervention in the affairs of man, to what they are pleased to designate "natural causes." They maintain, in their materialistic state of mind, that all such changes, if they have actually taken place, have come about in the "natural" order of events, and that under certain circumstances they would inevitably have occurred irrespective of the faith and prayers of any people on the face of the earth. The Latter-day Saints, however, through obedience to the principles of the everlasting gospel, are enabled to look upon things in a different light. They *know* that God lives, and that He is interested in the welfare of His children here upon the earth. They *know* that He hears and answers their prayers. They *know* that He has fed them when they were hungry, clothed them when they were naked and comforted their hearts when they were sorely oppressed by those who should have been their friends. They *know*, too, that in answer to their prayers He has tempered the elements and blessed the soil for their good. They can see that His arm has been stretched forth to protect them, and that His *direct* intervention in their behalf has been made manifest on many occasions. The minds of the Latter-day Saints, by the revelations of Jesus Christ, and the light and intelligence of heaven are lifted far above the cold materialistic ideas of the infidel. They comprehend in some measure the power of God. They know that He controls all things both in the heavens and on the earth; that the destinies of nations are in His hands; that the destinies of men are in His hands; that the earth is His and the fulness thereof; and that at His command the fountain of waters spring up, the land becomes fruitful, and, as in the case of the Latter-day Saints, the desert is made to "blossom as the rose." All these things and more the Latter-day Saints *know*. They *know* that God is their friend, and that in accordance with their faith He blesses them both temporally and spiritually. Those who think otherwise and are inclined to attribute all and everything that occurs in the direction indicated, to chance, accident or "natural causes," do so in ignorance of the character of God and of His laws.



## PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

THE history of the Apostle Paul is one of the most interesting and thrilling that was ever written. The life of this noble man after his baptism was one continual scene of adventure and excitement. Scorned by those who formerly were proud of his society, hated by those who had been his co-religionists, he sought in the labors to which his Redeemer had called him that peace and joy which the world denied him.

Paul, who, previous to his conversion to the gospel was called by the Hebrew name, Saul, was a native of Tarsus, which was the metropolis of Cilicia and situated about three hundred miles distant from Jerusalem. It was the custom in those times for the inhabitants of Tarsus to send their children to some other city for learning and improvement. Thus it happened that Paul was sent to Jerusalem and studied in the school of the eminent rabbi, Gamaliel. He was undoubtedly a very diligent pupil, for as a Latin and Hebrew scholar he gained great distinction, and his superior knowledge of the law of Moses was recognized, even by his most bitter opponents.

It was a constant practice among the Jews at that early period to teach their children some trade, so that in case of necessity each child could sustain himself by the labor of his own hands. Hence it was that this great

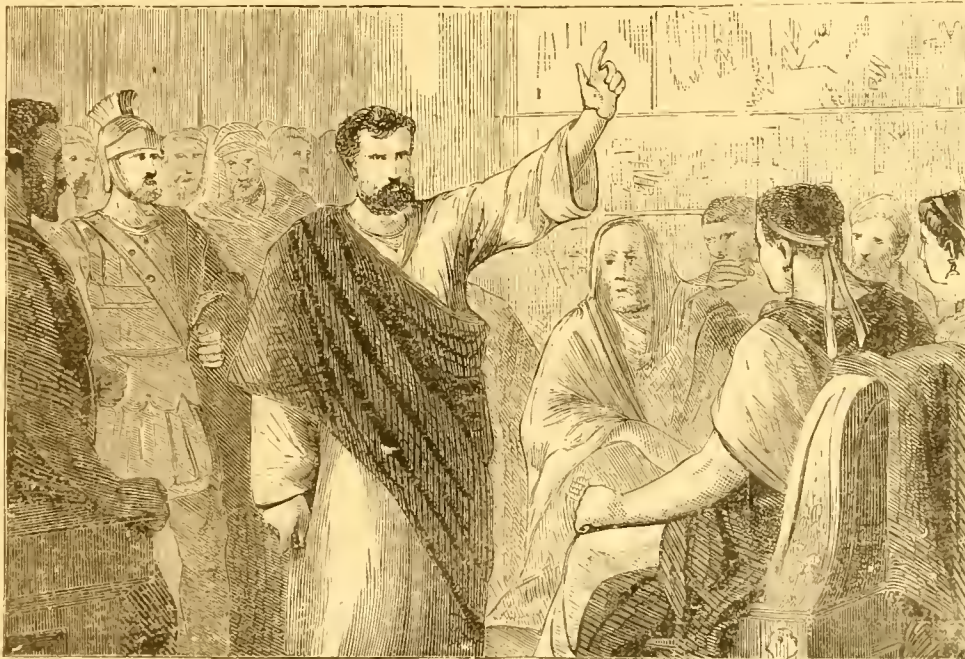
apostle learned how to make tents, by which labor he was enabled at times in his ministerial labors to provide himself with the necessaries of life.

The first action in which Paul was engaged as recorded in holy writ, is where he and his countrymen consented to and were present at the martyrdom of Stephen. How far he was concerned in the cruel death of this just man, we are not informed, further than that "the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." We are told, however, that the young man "made havoe of the Church, entering into every house, haling men and women committed them to prison." Led by Satan, he allowed no opportunity to pass unnoticed of doing the work of God injury until arrested in his reckless course by the revelation of Jesus to him as he was on his way to Damascus.

This was the turning point in his career. From this time on his whole energy was devoted to the building up of that which he formerly sought to destroy. That he had sincerely believed he was doing God's will in persecuting the Saints, his subsequent labors amply prove.

Henceforth he was very zealous in his preaching, and his extensive knowledge of ecclesiastical law and his acquaintance with former prophecies enabled him to bring arguments in defence of the position he had assumed which were irrefutable. This irritated the Jews to the highest degree. They sought in every way to injure him. Finally after he had labored some two or three years in Damascus, the Jews prevailed upon the governor to consent to his death. But now they could not capture him, as his friends, of which he had a great many in the place, were careful to conceal him, and after finding that the gates of the city were guarded to prevent his escape, they let him down over the wall in a basket.

His subsequent labors extended over a large tract of country. In a short article like this it would be impossible to follow this true disciple in all his travels or describe the labors which he performed. Suffice it to say that he was always ready to perform the will of his Father, and even the prospect of death did not cause him to hesitate one moment in the performance of the duties assigned him.



While visiting the Saints at Jerusalem, Paul was accused before Felix of sedition, heresy and the profanation of the temple. Tertullus, his accuser, made a short speech against him, and then permission was granted Paul of replying to the accusation. This he did in such a manner as to cause Felix to suspend judgment for the time, and

thus an opportunity was afforded Paul of defending himself and bearing testimony of the truth before higher officers of the government.

Our engraving represents Paul making his defence before Felix. In a future article we may be led to speak further of the ministry of the great apostle of the Gentiles.

**LOVE OF MONEY.**—The love of money is a vertiginous pool, sucking all into it to destroy it. It is troubled and uneven, giddy and unsafe, serving no end but its own, and that also in a restless and uneasy motion. But the love of God is a holy fountain, limpid and pure, sweet and salutary, lasting and eternal. The love of God spends itself upon Him, to receive again the reflections of grace and benediction; the love of money spends all its desires upon itself, to purchase nothing but unsatisfying instruments of exchange or super-numerary provisions, and ends in dissatisfaction, emptiness of spirit, and a bitter curse.



## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*(Continued from page 252.)*

MEANTIME the health of his brother had, at first, improved rapidly. Change of air and novelty of scene had produced a salutary impression; they invigorated his frame and revived his spirits: but the symptoms of decay speedily re-appearing he proceeded to Bermuda. Washington then embarked for Virginia, to execute the kindly duty of conducting his sister-in-law to her expiring husband; but ere arrangements could be made for that purpose, the latter was on the sea, and he soon after breathed his last under his own roof. The melancholy task of attending to the affairs of a departed relative, so near and dear, now devolved upon Washington, and for months he applied to the estate the sound sense and accurate investigation which ever characterized the great self-taught soldier and statesman in dealing with weightier affairs.

In the interval the sphere of his public duties had been enlarged and extended. The colony had, for purposes of defense, been divided into four grand districts; Washington's commission was then renewed, and the northern portion was confined to his steady care and untiring vigilance. This included several counties, each of which he had to visit periodically. The duties were quite in harmony with his taste and temper, and he discharged them with an energy and an enthusiasm which were not lost on those over whom he was appointed to exercise control, and among whom he had to insure discipline. Still he had not arrived even at that time of life when the generality of mortals are charitably supposed to have reached "years of discretion."

Events were now speeding to a crisis. Intelligence arrived that the French had crossed the lakes from Canada, and were preparing to establish posts and fortifications on the Ohio river. On receiving these alarming reports, the Virginian governor, having resolved to send an officer commissioned to inquire by what right they thus intruded on the English dominions, selected Washington, as peculiarly fitted to execute the duty with faith, discretion, and delicacy. Accordingly, about the close of 1753, he departed with suitable credentials and the requisite powers from Williamsburg, the seat of government; and with a retinue of eight persons, two of whom were to act as interpreters, he, after much toil and trouble, arrived at the French head-quarters. There he was courteously received and entertained by the commandant, a knight of the Order of St. Louis. Immediate attention was promised to the subject of his mission, and in due time an answer, indicative of firmness and hostility, was granted to the remonstrance of his excellency the governor. Washington then retraced his steps, through trackless forests, over rugged mountains, and by swollen floods; making several hair-breadth escapes by land and water. During the expedition he had found frequent opportunities of extending his knowledge of Indian manners and customs; and he had been escorted to the French camp by an influential personage, bearing the title of "Half King." While returning, his journey was agreeably diversified by a visit to Queen Alliquippa, an Indian princess; no doubt, like the charming but hapless Yarico, appareled in beautiful shells, and possessed of wild graces. She maintained her state at the junction of two rivers, and had expressed her displeasure at the representative of the British king having failed to show her any proper mark or respect on his way out; but a polite apology and a

substantial present soothed her wounded pride and ruffled dignity, and secured the young envoy a gracious dismissal. Twelve months later the dusky sovereign lady was under the necessity of placing herself and her son under his protection, when driven from her royal residence by the French troops.

After an absence of three months, Washington presented himself to the governor, and reported the result of his mission. In order to fire the patriotic enthusiasm of the colonists, the journal of his adventures was forthwith published. It appeared in all the provincial papers, and was reprinted in England by order of the government.

War was now imminent, and preparations were imperative upon the authorities. The governor was a wary Caledonian, and was surrounded by a knot of his countrymen, who took care that in his appointments he did full justice to their claims; but, at the same time, he exhibited much zeal for the honor of the vice-regal office, and becoming ardor for the dignity of the British Crown. His schemes were, however, subject to be provokingly thwarted by the members of the local legislature, who manifested a republican spirit by no means agreeable to his loyal and patriotic sentiments. Hence he found considerable difficulty in making such arrangements for defense as he deemed necessary for the safety of English interests. Nevertheless, he succeeded in embodying a force to repel the invaders; and Washington having already, by his high courage and admirable conduct, proved his rare capacity for military business, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and nominated second in command. He immediately marched, with his new authority, to the Alleghany mountains, and being joined by parties of those Indians who were favorable to the English, he commenced skirmishing with the enemy. In one sharp fray the leader of the hostile party was killed, and his men forced to yield. But in another encounter, at a place known as the Great Meadows, where he had thrown up an intrenchment, and called it Fort Necessity, Washington was, after a conflict of nine hours, obliged to capitulate. Then marching out, with flying colors and drums beating, he retreated to Williamsburg. His praiseworthy conduct during the campaign elicited high applause from the governor, and was rewarded with public thanks, conveyed through the House of Assembly. Next year he found himself in a somewhat awkward predicament. The forces being organized on a new system, he had to choose between being reduced to the rank of captain, and placed under officers whom he had previously commanded, or leaving the army. Without hesitation he resigned his commission, and spent the Winter in retirement.

Early in the Spring, however, he emerged from his retreat, and consented, while retaining his former rank, to accompany General Braddock as a volunteer. He was received with flattering respect, and prepared to take part in the expedition against Fort Duquesne; when, unfortunately, he was prostrated by a fever, which rendered his consignment to the baggage-wagon and the physician's care a matter of necessity; but he was sufficiently recovered in a fortnight to bear arms in the bloody battle of the Monongahela. Beautiful and impressive was the array of British troops on that memorable morning as the little army marched in order, with high hopes and ardent anticipations, the sun gleaming on their burnished arms. On one side was a flowing river, and on the other a shadowy forest. Suddenly, at noon, ere the rear had well crossed at a ford, they were attacked with fatal dexterity—the foe firing at a distance from behind trees, and practicing all the stratagems of Indian warfare. The general, disdain-



ing to imitate such tactics, was mortally wounded; his two aides-de-camp were disabled; sixty-three out of eighty-six officers were killed and wounded; seven hundred private soldiers met with a similar fate: but Washington seemed to have a charmed life. He rode about in all directions, and exerted himself with the utmost courage. He was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters, and four bullets went through his coat; yet, though his companions fell in heaps around, he escaped unhurt. The nut-brown riflemen, old and young, singled him out; but with as little effect as, at Torquilstone, the arrows of the English archers had on the Milan steel of the bold leader of free lances. The idea of preternatural protection occurred to their superstitious imaginations; and as the Scottish Covenanters believed that General Dalziel possessed a diabolical charm against steel, and that Claverhouse was guaranteed against lead by the enemy of mankind, so the Indian warriors concluded that Washington was under the especial guardianship of the Great Spirit, and they ceased their efforts to slay him. Thus, although the day was most disastrous, he gained much praise by the valor, energy, and resolution he had exhibited throughout. He was instanced, even in pulpits, as preserved by a wise providence to confer some signal benefit on his country; his public reputation rose high; the Legislature voted him a sum of money for his services; and when the local regiment was increased to sixteen companies, he was nominated their commander-in-chief. Being now entrusted with responsible functions, he devoted himself to the fulfillment of them with much care and foresight; and he procured the passing of a law to insure proper regularity and discipline. While thus gravely occupied, he had a dispute concerning precedence with an officer holding King George's commission; and in order to solve the difficulty, which was at once vexatious and perplexing, he had to undertake a journey to Boston, to obtain the opinion of General Shirley, commander of His Majesty's forces in America, who unhesitatingly decided the point in Washington's favor, and held serious and important conversation with him as to the plan of operations for the next campaign. Much curiosity was evinced, in the places through which he passed, to see the individual who had, at the early age of twenty-five, won so much renown for his bravery, and who was regarded as remarkable for the escape he had recently made. And there he was—a gallant and dignified cavalier, rather more than six feet in height, with long limbs, and a slender but erect and well-proportioned form—making an equestrian excursion of five hundred miles in the depth of Winter, with two trusty comrades.

*(To be Continued.)*

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

*(Continued from page 255.)*

**D**URING the Winter of 1845 and 1846, the work of God in Great Britain progressed. The Elders were zealous and energetic in proclaiming the gospel, and the additions to the Church by baptism were numerous, but the proselytes were generally from the poorer classes and the poverty occasioned among them by lack of employment and consequent lack of means was very great. Under these circumstances it was easier to find persons willing to embrace the gospel, than to find means to emigrate them. In hopes of finding relief through the aid of the government, a memorial, gotten up by

Elders Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt and John Taylor, then laboring in those parts, and signed by nearly thirteen thousand persons, was presented to Queen Victoria, praying for aid in the emigration of her subjects to Vancouver's Island, or Oregon, suggesting the plan of giving grants of land and other aid to those who should thus emigrate, and showing that by this means much of the distress then existing in Great Britain could be relieved; besides, the territories mentioned belonging to Great Britain would thus be strengthened in power and their resources developed. It was further proposed that if the petition was granted the memorialists would guarantee to furnish twenty thousand people of all trades, and from most districts in Scotland, England and Wales to go at once, or as soon as vessels could be found to take them.

Copies of this memorial were sent to every member of Parliament, and other distinguished individuals, that the matter might be brought plainly to their notice. Lord John Russel, Prime Minister, wrote in return in acknowledgement of the receipt of the memorial, and Dr. John Bowering, member of Parliament, answered expressing his views as being favorable to the scheme proposed, but admitted that he did not consider it practicable, in view of the heavy demands then being made upon the government treasury. But no action was taken.

Notwithstanding the extreme poverty of the Saints in those parts, however, a general good feeling prevailed and earnest prayers were offered up by them for the Lord to hasten the time when they might be permitted to emigrate to America and join their brethren and sisters in journeying to the mountains, searching out new homes or sharing with them whatever trials they might be called to pass through. The persecutions the Saints had endured, the loss they had sustained in having their prophet and patriarch martyred and the fact of their being expelled from their homes and forced to face a trackless desert and seek homes in the secluded interior of the continent far away from every vestige of civilization, did not daunt the honest in heart even in Europe; but on the contrary rather stimulated them to exertion to raise the necessary means to emigrate, as has been stated. In this case was illustrated the truth of the saying "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Though the Elders in Great Britain met with some local opposition to the promulgation of their principles, there was certainly a degree of toleration to be found there not met with at home in the boasted free republic of America. To this fact probably was due in great part the success the Elders had in preaching there in those early days, and it is a fact that though the memorial to the Queen alluded to was not granted, to Her Majesty and those in power in that dominion is due great credit for permitting the spread of the gospel in that land, when they might have interposed their influence and power and prevented it.

In all countries where the press is free, as it is in the United States, it is the most powerful agent in the formation of public opinion; and those who were in the Church and were well acquainted with its history in early days know that a good deal of the popular prejudice against the Saints was owing, almost wholly, to the false reports published in the newspapers of the country, very many of which, besides printing lying statements about our people, also, in their editorials, denounced them in the bitterest terms, and attempted to justify their persecutors. A few, however, took a decided stand in opposition to the lawless proceedings



by which the Saints suffered so much, and while they cared nothing for "Mormonism" itself, they spoke in strong terms against the outrages perpetrated upon the "Mormons," and condemned the authorities, especially those of Illinois, for aiding or permitting them. The course of journals of this class had the effect, in a few months, of causing a partial re-action in public sentiment in favor of the Saints. The following editorial, which appeared in the *New York Sun*, shortly after the expulsion from Nauvoo, was one of the most favorable published:

"Considerable interest and sympathy begin to prevail in favor of the 'Mormons.' For a long time their peculiar religious tenets, the strange origin of their faith, the singular personages selected for their prophets and temporal guides, and the books published against them, produced in public opinion a most unfavorable impression. They were represented to be utterly unmoved in their habits and dishonorable in their practices, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the 'Mormons' themselves never opposed to these charges any serious remonstrance. When a lawless mob broke into prison and murdered Joe Smith, their leader, and his brother Hyrum, the act shocked the community for a while, but it was soon forgotten. A number of persons in the state of Illinois subsequently organized themselves into bands under the name of anti-'Mormons,' to drive them out of the state, and compel them to abandon their farms, their homes, and the costly temple which they had erected. For this purpose the anti-'Mormons' armed themselves, obtained cannon and munitions of war, and marched into Nauvoo for the purpose of attacking and driving the people out of the city. The position of the 'Mormons' attracted the attention of the citizens of other states, but as the state of Illinois itself did nothing for their protection, on the contrary rather permitted the outrages to be perpetrated upon them, it was believed that their characters were so bad and their morals so impure as to justify the determination to drive them to seek some other place of residence. The 'Mormons' defended themselves and their homes as well as they could, but being overpowered by numbers, having the state against them, having public opinion to contend against, and no aid and no protection, they said 'We will go;' and they did go, into the wilderness, leaving a few friends to take care of their property, their farms, and their temple—to sell all at a sacrifice. Men, women and children, some on foot, some in wagons, carrying with them the remains of their household furniture, left their homes and took to the wilderness. Part entered the army bound to California, and another body went west of the Mississippi. Thus some 12,000 or 15,000 persons, from a state of comfort and prosperity, were driven from their homes to lie down on the banks of sickly rivers or to encounter the more savage Indians on the vast prairies of the West. It now appears from the testimony of persons worthy of credit—from those who are intimate with the 'Mormons,' and have closely observed their habits and pursuits, that great injustice has been done to the character of those unfortunate people, so treated, so wronged, and so abandoned by a sovereign state which was bound to protect them. The late Captain Allen of the U. S. Dragoons, who had a body of 500 under his command, not only represented them as spirited and patriotic, good and faithful, but describes them as 'wonderfully pure and unexceptionable in their moral conduct; frugal, industrious, and self-denying; manifesting patient heroism in the endurance of suffering, worthy the noblest Christian character.' And a correspondent of the *United States Gazette*, of

character and veracity, who has traveled and lived among them, declares that the 'virtues of the family, chastity, affection, and the spirit of the united effort for the advancement of family happiness, form absolute characteristics of this outcast people, together with temperance, frugality, industry, energy, and constancy of purpose.' If this be so, words are inadequate to portray the gross injustice and cruelty practiced towards them in the state of Illinois. Some excuse can be found for the religious and personal outrages of the Goths and Vandals, or for the cruelties and persecutions of the darker ages; but in these enlightened times, in a country of laws and free institutions, where the largest liberty is secured to every citizen—that a community of 12,000, or 15,000 people, without having been charged with any legal delinquency, should be driven by force of arms from their homes and property as outcasts, and that the strong arm of the state should not be held forth for their protection, is a stain on our annals and on our country at large, which we apprehend will take years to wash out. We have no parallel to it in the history of our country. But the tale does not end here. *Riot, drunkenness, and crime, signalized the victory of the anti-'Mormons!'* A reckless body of men seized upon the 'Mormon' property, took possession of their farms, desecrated their temple, and the poor, the sick, the aged, and the infant, were driven half famished into the woods, and the safeguards of domestic and social life were thus outraged and broken down.

"If recent statements respecting their condition and character be true, the state of Illinois is bound in honor and in law to restore them to their homes and property, and the Legislature, for the sake of justice and humanity—for the character of the state and the institutions of the country, should direct the governor to issue a proclamation inviting the 'Mormons' to return to their homes, and offering to guarantee their safety against every attempt to injure or molest them. They are now, by the injustice of the state, dying in the wilderness of sickness and starvation—a prey to the savage Indians and beasts of prey. Many are lying on the bare earth opposite to Nauvoo, while *brigands* have possession of their property. Let Illinois move in the good work, before public opinion everywhere unites in demanding for the 'Mormons' indemnity for the past and security for the future."

(To be Continued.)

## TRIALS.

BY W. J.

MORTALS are subject to many trials. This is a world of trying and proving. It was designed to be a probation unto the children of men, and its purpose is being fully accomplished. But there is a vast difference between passing through the ordeals of this mortal state in ignorance of their design, and enduring them with a pretty clear comprehension of their results. The man who foresees no benefit to be derived from the patient endurance of trials, is not encouraged and sustained by the hope of reward; but he who is taught of God, can acknowledge a Father's hand in the most trying ordeals, and understand that humble submission and obedience to the divine will, together with patient, uncomplaining endurance of trials in this probation, lead to perfection, and perfection is the preparation for celestial glory.



We may have many trials here—  
Useful, too, in this probation,  
To polish, brighten and prepare,  
Erring souls for full salvation.

Trials vary. Their effects are variable also. Those trials which appear to effect some individuals very much, seem to have but little influence upon others. The cause of this lies more in the individual than in the nature of the trial. I well remember hearing President Woodruff say, in one of his public discourses, "that some men could run into debt to the amount of twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars and sleep well and get fat on it; while others would not run into debt if they could help it, and if they did they could never rest nor sleep in peace under such circumstances." This is the substance of his remark, and a very true remark, too. It is no trial to some to run into debt, and live on the interest of their debts—they enjoy the business. The statement that they live on the interest of their debts may appear, at first sight, a mistake, but it is not. Their creditors frequently loose the coveted opportunity to enjoy said interest, and too often they loose a part or all of the principal, too; and certainly if the debtor does not get the benefit of his debts no one does. Such persons are quite lavish of their "promises to pay," and a dun is no severe trial to them. This reminds me of the debtor who had been dunned many times to no purpose, and the creditor finally desired him to give his note, which he readily consented to do; and, as soon as he had attached his valuable signature to the precious document, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God that debt is settled!" It was a much greater trial to the Duke of Wellington to meet the demand of a creditor when he was not prepared with funds to satisfy it, than it was to face all the forces of the enemy in the Peninsular war.

Burns says:—

"Though losses and crosses be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there, you'll find there, you'll find no other where."

We are subject to losses and crosses and severe lessons—lessons, too, which can only be learned in the crucible of experience. We are probating on an earth where wet and dry, heat and cold, light and darkness, joy and sorrow, sickness and health, good and evil, and many other things exist, and which we enjoy or endure with more or less pleasure or submission. This is right. Such a state of things is designed to be of inestimable benefit to us, both in time and in eternity. It is for us to accept the benefits intended, gratefully, and allow our Heavenly Father's purpose to be wrought out in us. But how we fret and fume, and chafe and rage, under some of the wise providences of an indulgent Parent! When we cannot have this, or avoid the other, how angry we become! When Father tries to prevent our cutting ourselves with a razor, and gives us a blunt-edged, iron knife to amuse ourselves with, how we boo-hoo! It has been said that when the Lord wants to use a man He puts him into the fire—He tries him. How he tried Joseph, ancient Israel's son! What an ordeal he had to pass through with his brethren, with almost unlimited power, with Potiphar's wife, and with a long imprisonment! The Lord put him into the hot crucible of fiery trials, and found him to be of the right kind of material to perform the most important mission of his life. Good and evil were placed before him. He chose the good and refused the evil. Good and evil are offered all. Our agency is granted to us also. And this must remain intact.

"Know this, that every soul is free,  
To choose his life and what he'll be."

The greatest freedom for its exercise must be allowed. But the love of wrong seems to be strong. At least a strong disposition to choose the evil and disregard the good, seems to grow up with mortality. Worldly advantages are offered for choosing the evil. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," was the law, but said the devil to Jesus, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, will I give to Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." Now, how did Jesus exercise His agency? Says He: "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." What an example in temptation and trial, to the tempted sons and daughters of Adam, in all their subsequent generations!

The ancient apostle, James, says: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love Him." This it was that sustained the ancient saints in their trials of "cruel mockings, scornings, bonds and imprisonment;" while they were being "stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, and slain with the sword;" and while "they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted and tormented." The promises and power of God will also sustain the Latter-day Saints in their persecutions and trials, and, although they may have to come up through much "tribulation," in order to "wash their robes," and make "them white in the blood of the Lamb," yet the promise is; "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

"The furnace flame and ringing hammer's stroke,  
Produce the strength that never can be broke;

The furious gale  
And tempest's hail

Make dense and tough the grains of mighty oak.

And so the weary task, the heavy load,  
The midnight watch, the long and thorny road,  
Are but the way,  
That leads to-day,

The way to peace and wisdom's grand abode

The greatest good comes not with greatest joy  
To man or maid, to gleeful girl or boy;

But hard denial  
And sturdy trial

Make character like gold without alloy."

## THE MANUFACTURE OF BUTTONS.

(Continued from page 253.)

THE inferior branches of the metal button trade comprise chiefly trouser buttons. Some of them are shell buttons, with various fanciful differences of construction, but the staple is perhaps the old-fashioned four-hole button, made in one piece. They are made of copper, brass, iron, zinc, or tin, and of many qualities. The cutting-out machine before described can be so modified as to cut out the blanks and pierce the four holes at one operation; after which there is little more to do. The holes are rymered—i. e., the edges rounded down, so as not to cut the thread—by a little girl at a press, who squeezes one hole at a time between two conical punches, counter-sinking them by pressure. A single blow



from a stamp brings the plain piece of metal up to a finished button, tailor's name and all.

We have now to speak of the most important revolution the trade has ever yet known, and which has lead to the most perfect of its many ingenious devices. This was the introduction of the covered button, one of the earliest patents for which was taken out in 1825. Probably long before that time our grandfathers had conceived the idea of covering a metal button with cloth, to save the trouble of eternally refurbishing it up with the elaborate set of apparatus which was then a necessary adjunct to every toilet; but as the covering would be done with a needle and thread, it would be but a clumsy makeshift compared to the neat and well-shaped Florentine button, with flexible shank, which as soon as it appeared in the market, rapidly rose into favor, and carried all before it. The first covered buttons were made with the customary wire shank, but this speedily gave place to the little protruding tuft of canvas which would take the needle in all directions, and lie down close to the cloth. As we are not writing a history of the trade, it would be superfluous to dwell on the many modifications and improvements which this favorite button has undergone; our task, which is a far harder one, is to endeavor to describe, in intelligible language, the ingenious and complicated processes of its manufacture.

By way of approaching the difficulty by easy degrees, let us take for illustration the well-known simple linen button used for under-clothing, etc. If the reader will examine one, he will see that it consists of two pieces of linen stretched on a ring, the edges tucked in and fastened in a way he cannot discover. Our grandmother's substitute for this was a ring with threads worked over it, and gathered in the center. The new button is much neater, much more durable, and in every way an improvement, but the original idea of the ring has been retained. Now let us see, in the first place, how this ring is made. It is not made of wire; if it were, there could be no such hermetical fastening of the linen covering, as we shall see. It is a tube; and it is made precisely in the same way as rings are made—viz., first a disc of thin metal is cut out, a little larger than the intended button; then a circular piece is cut out of the middle of it, leaving it of an annular form; then it is put under a press, and a pair of tools double up the rim into the shape of a gutter all round; another pair of tools bring the two edges of the gutter nearer together, bending them down gracefully, and preserving the tubular curve; a third pair completes this juncture, and forms a ring of perfectly round tube, with a seam that cannot be detected by the naked eye. Now it is evident that if we can get our piece of cloth stretched over the back of this ring, bringing over the edges and neatly tucking them into the joint just before its final pinching up, and if we can manage to enclose them in the death-grip of the metal at its last process, we shall have a covered button that no fair play can undo. This is exactly what is done, but, in addition, a smaller piece of cloth is stretched over the face, and fastened into the same joint, thus completely clothing the button, and concealing its anatomy.

How the different parts are brought together, placed in position, and held there while the all-important juncture is effected which makes the whole thereafter indissolubly a button, can scarcely be seen by a spectator watching the process, much less understood from a written description. You look down the vista of a long work-room, and see a row of little girls sitting together at a work-table as closely as if they were at school, each pair of little hands nimbly placing the rings and bits of cloth into little steel traps, and handing them

across the table to a senior girl seated opposite, who first performs some feat of legerdemain which sets the interior mechanism of the trap to work, presumably in pushing every thing into its place, and then holds trap and contents together for an instant under a press, gives a little pull, and the thing is done. Each pair of workers is making buttons as fast as you can count; the empty and the charged traps are passed across the table with noiseless activity; and a series of heaps of beautifully-finished buttons, without a wrinkle in a million of them, are accumulating silently in the little drawers under the bench, through holes in which they fall as they are made. All is beautifully clean, and the faces of the children are rosy and healthy, and they look happy withal. "Half-timers every one of them," said the courteous gentleman who was doing the honors of the establishment to the writer of this paper, "their duplicates are at school. By-and-by you will see some of them come with their satchels, for many prefer to bring their dinners here, rather than eat them at home." "Have you found much inconvenience from the working of the Factory Act?" we asked. "None whatever," was the reply. "At first we had some little difficulty, and, as we pay the children's schooling ourselves, it has involved a trifling expense, but we get a better class of girls through it. Each one of these children will pass to the other side of the table as she gets old enough, and we find that those who have gone through the regular course of schooling (which we insist on, as far as we are able) are much better hands than those we used to take indiscriminately." In other parts of the establishment the fine linen cloth is being cut up into discs with the press, in the same manner as the metal blanks are made.

One large firm in Birmingham cut up in one year no less than 63,000 yards of linen cloth and 34 tons of metal for this article alone. The linen is of the finest quality and has to be specially manufactured for the purpose.

The reader will now, it is hoped, be able to understand the theory of the making of all kinds of covered buttons. Their name is legion, and many ingenious variations of detail occur in their manufacture, but the principle is in all cases the same, advantage being taken of the ductility of the metal to make it clasp the woven material in a tight embrace. The covering of the common Florentine button is not stretched over a ring, but over a plate, with its edges turned over; a second smaller plate, with a hole in its center, is placed against it, enclosing between them a canvas disc, of which a bulge, with a little padding in it, has been pushed through the hole. A squeeze of the all-powerful press brings the clothed edges of the superior plate over all and effects a junction which can never be torn asunder.

We must leave for a subsequent paper descriptions of the interesting processes employed in the production of some widely differing members of the large button family.

*(To be continued.)*

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**ECONOMY OF TIME.**—Time is never more misspent than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinged with peevishness. The yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good humor; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentation on the subject of time misspent, and business neglected never torture the mind.



YEARLY REPORT  
OF THE  
DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.  
FOR THE YEAR 1882.

STATES.		No. of Schools Reported.	No. of Schools not Reported.	No. of Male Officers and Teachers.	No. of Female Officers and Teachers.	Total No. of Officers and Teachers.	Average Attendance, Officers and Teachers.	No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pupils.	Total No. of Pupils.	Average Attendance, Pupils.	Total No. of Officers, Teachers and Pupils.	No. Theological Classes.	No. Bible and Testament Classes.	No. Book of Mormon Classes.	No. Doctrine and Covenants Classes.	No. Juvenile Instructor Classes.	No. Catechism Classes.	No. Miscellaneous Classes.	Total No. Classes.	No. Books in Library.	Amt. of Funds on Hand, end of Last Year.	Amount of Funds Collected.	Amount of Funds Disbursed.	Amount of Funds in Treasury.	NAMES OF SUPERINTENDENTS.
Bear Lake	16	133	95	228	133	784	784	747	1,531	886	1,759	5	38	17	8	1	3	87	159	534	18 06	226 66	165 42	79 30	A. Wallaway.	
Beaver	5	65	49	114	73	273	273	309	582	490	696	5	11	4	3	2	3	28	53	100	20 65	97 50	75 40	49 75	W. Fotheringham.	
Box Elder	23	207	156	363	246	909	909	855	1,764	1,172	2,127	7	55	29	15	13	15	111	245	1,433	73 83	232 65	216 81	89 67	J. C. Wikom.	
Cache	26	363	256	619	417	1,974	1,974	1,894	3,868	2,693	4,487	15	140	30	15	42	47	136	425	1,760	208 40	703 03	719 39	192 04	E. W. Hurst.	
Davis	12	103	81	184	129	797	797	779	1,576	944	1,760	10	26	17	9	5	9	58	134	1,605	69 20	293 60	296 95	65 85	N. T. Porter, Sen.	
Eastern Arizona	9	114	81	195	116	404	404	375	779	572	974	2	13	12	9	1	5	74	116	240	13 90	138 74	138 40	34 24	John A. West.	
Emery	4	43	22	65	40	109	109	88	197	162	262	4	3	3	4	4	4	30	44	123	4 85	54 70	50 57	76 80	Peter Johnson.	
Janab	3	61	32	94	64	360	360	337	697	523	791	7	14	4	7	4	4	29	66	647	101 50	89 50	114 20	76 80	George Teasdale.	
Kanab	5	49	45	94	54	273	273	244	517	370	611	2	2	2	1	6	3	39	51	56	3 00	89 50	60 85	32 00	Allen Frost.	
Little Colorado	3	22	16	28	16	52	52	30	82	61	110	1	1	1	1	1	1	12	20	183		30 00	30 00	51 60	T. C. Nielson.	
Millard	3	69	47	116	71	378	378	386	764	472	880	5	23	11	2	2	7	28	76	713	26 90	165 00	140 30	16 42	Thos. C. Callister.	
Morgan	13	85	39	124	96	304	304	273	577	429	701	6	23	5	2	3	9	34	82	361	10 72	59 25	36 78	38 95	Riley G. Clark.	
Panguitch	7	70	53	123	61	186	186	177	363	250	486	3	9	4	4	3	4	41	64	310	16 50	39 25	36 78	17 30	R. W. Heyborne.	
Parowan	5	70	52	122	81	286	286	285	571	411	693	2	19	10	4	3	3	30	68	384	2 85	64 60	50 15	64 90	John C. Cutler.	
Salt Lake	39	543	327	870	606	3,111	3,111	3,361	6,473	4,453	7,343	34	142	64	37	12	19	250	558	6,627	584 11	1,924 32	1,858 63	649 80	John B. Mathen.	
Snapete	18	241	219	460	322	1,360	1,360	1,471	2,831	2,194	3,291	20	82	16	9	7	9	93	174	2,167	91 40	371 63	406 66	79 58	Hans P. Miller.	
Sevier	18	153	131	284	170	667	667	669	1,336	984	1,475	2	38	27	8	1	7	95	178	880	63 24	114 61	98 27	54 32	A. R. Whitehead.	
St. George	9	138	116	254	163	568	568	653	1,221	906	1,475	2	23	5	3	5	5	35	73	211	6 25	194 35	176 77	20 83	John Boyden.	
Summit	9	57	53	110	61	375	375	374	749	468	859	9	22	11	6	6	7	38	99	297	70 45	72 10	77 04	65 51	Wm. Jefferies.	
Tooele	21	487	275	762	464	2,111	2,111	2,533	4,644	2,941	5,496	30	125	56	19	12	19	219	480	3,550	257 48	1,149 70	1,080 91	326 27	David John.	
Utah	7	487	275	762	464	2,111	2,111	2,533	4,644	2,941	5,496	30	125	56	19	12	19	219	480	3,550	257 48	1,149 70	1,080 91	326 27	S. J. Wing.	
Wasatch	23	81	57	138	93	294	294	332	626	481	764	16	5	1	1	2	3	48	75	696	34 80	162 24	148 95	28 09	R. Ballantyne.	
Weber	6	266	161	427	272	1,447	1,447	1,347	2,794	1,636	3,221	15	82	31	14	4	5	122	273	2,275	103 10	567 95	481 60	189 45		
Scattered schools		39	36	75	38	187	187	251	438	311	513															
TOTALS	305	15	3,548	2,447	5,995	3,880	17,565	18,100	35,665	24,268	41,660	192	958	386	191	129	203	1,778	3,837	26,229	1,885 81	7,296	196,931	47,250 58		

The publication of this report has been delayed much longer than was expected, through waiting for one of the Stake reports, so as to make it complete. The heading "Scattered Schools" includes the following schools: Manssah, Bluff City, Montezuma, Mesa, Mountain Dell (Utah Co.) and Laie (Sandwich Islands). The Union has also received reports from several schools in the North-Western States Mission that are not included in this report.

George Q. Cannon, General Superintendent.

George Goddard, Asst. Gen. Superintendent.

Levi W. Richards, Secretary.

George Reynolds, Treasurer.

John C. Cutler, Asst. Secy. and Treasurer.



# "COME, FOLLOW ME."

WORDS BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

MUSIC BY HENRY EMERY.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are as follows:

"Come, fol - low me," the Savior said; Then let us in His foot - steps tread, For thus a - lone can  
 Come, fol - low me, a simple phrase, Yet truth's sublime, ef - ful - gent rays Are in these sim - ple  
 we be one, For thus a - lone can we be one With God's own loved be - got - ten Son.  
 words combined, Are in these sim - ple words combined, To - urge, inspire the hu - man mind.

Is it enough alone to know  
 That we must follow Him below,  
 While traveling through this vale of tears?  
 No; this extends to holier spheres.

We must the onward path pursue  
 As wider fields expand the view,

And follow Him unceasingly,  
 Whate'er our lot or sphere may be.

For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, powers  
 And glory great and bliss are ours,  
 If we, throughout eternity,  
 Obey His words, "Come, follow me."

## ENIGMA.

By nature's law, to me is given  
 The greatest power under heaven;  
 The proudest monarchs I confine,  
 Who silently themselves resign,  
 And own obedience by a nod,  
 To me, their more than demi-god;  
 So universal is my sway,  
 That high and low my laws obey;  
 If more of me you wish to know,  
 Enquire not of the sons of woe,  
 But of the weary and the gay,  
 Who to me ready homage pay;  
 Though while they in my pow'r remain,  
 Should you enquire, 'twill be in vain.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 15 is NEWS-  
 PAPER. We have received no correct solutions.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his  
 children feel that home was the happiest place in the world;  
 and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest  
 gifts a parent can bestow.—*Washington Irving.*

TRIUMPH OF MIND.—It is interesting to notice how some  
 minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under  
 every disadvantage; and working their solitary but irresistible  
 way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight  
 in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would  
 rear dulness to maturity; and to glory in the vigor and luxuri-  
 ance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of  
 genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the  
 stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the  
 thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now  
 and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle  
 bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-  
 place all the beauties of vegetation.

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